The Bystander, November 10, 1920. No. 884. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

AND THEN HE WOKE UP!

THE COX'S ANTI-ORANGE PIPPIN: "I ought to have known I couldn't be President of *two* Republics at the *same* time!"

ENTERTAINMENTS

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Troubles in Clubland

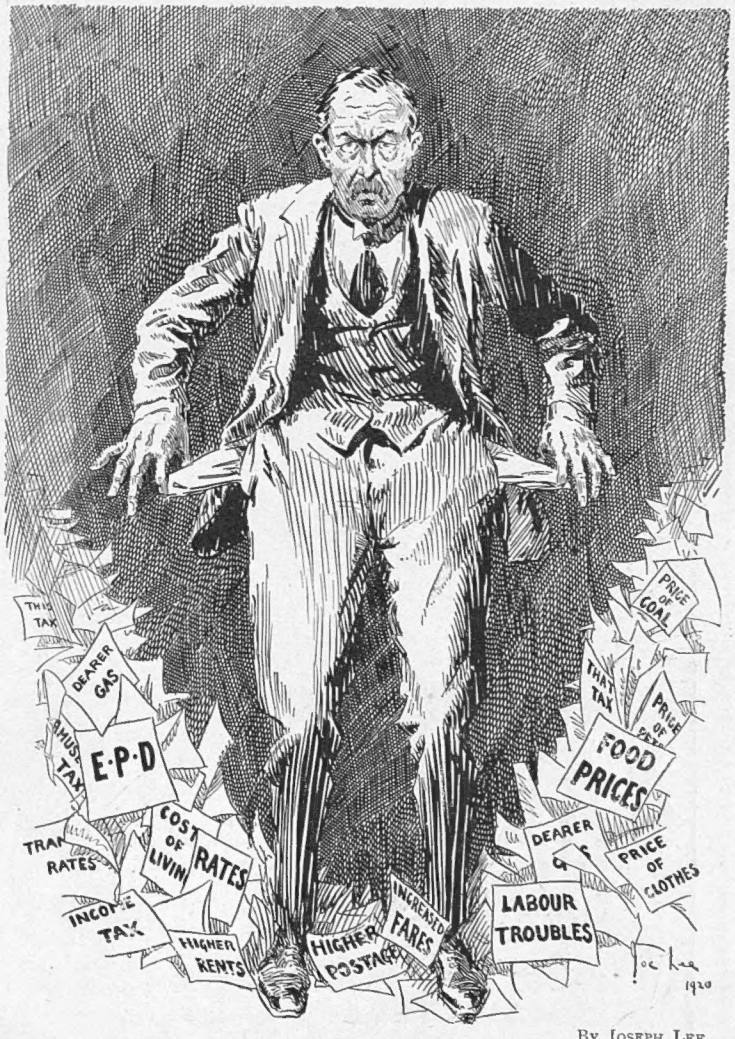
ONE hears of considerable financial trouble in clubland these days. Some clubs there are which seem to have flourished on these evil times. But many, especially of the older and more exclusive institutions, are undoubtedly experiencing very hard times. The ways in which a club can increase its revenues are strictly limited. It may increase its charges, its membership, and its entrance fee and subscription. In the clubs which are suffering most an increase in charges sufficient to meet the increased expenses of running would defeat its own object. The business would become too small. Increase of membership to any great extent is practically impossible. The "qualification" necessary for some of these clubs is alone sufficient to bar any great increase. There is only a certain limited supply, for example, of men belonging to this or that profession or university. And where the qualification is not an exact one, to open the club's doors wide would change, and, for its old members, spoil its character. Economy and increased care in management have failed to meet increased expenses. Coal, electricity, provisions, and, above all, the wages of the staff, have soared to such heights that nothing but a substantial increase in fixed revenue will meet the difficulty. There remain the entrance and subscriptions.

"Club Law"

SOME clubs have increased these, and are, in consequence, running smoothly again. In other clubs now it is recognised by the committees that they must follow suit, but they are faced with a difficulty in doing so. Some old members declare that it is illegal. They maintain that, having been elected at a certain entrance fee and subscription, they have a contract with the club which the club cannot break. "Club law" is a strange thing. I know of a club where the committee eighteen months ago decided that it was necessary to increase the subscription. Both solicitor and counsel advised them that the payment of an increased subscription by existing members would have to be an entirely voluntary matter. The reason was that there was no provision in the original constitution of the club for altering the subscriptions of existing members, and, therefore, not even an overwhelming majority of the members could enforce the increased payment on those who objected. I believe that some years ago an old member of a very famous club took a case founded on these grounds into the Law Courts, and won it. But when it comes to the pinch, one suspects that most old members will pay up, even if they cannot look pleasant about it.

The "Unknown Soldier"

THERE has been much discussion the last week or ten days about the epitaph for the "unknown soldier" who is to be buried in Westminster Abbey to-morrow. In some papers it degenerated into a sort of parlour game, and many quite unfitting poetical quotations were suggested by constant readers. It was a difficult matter. According to Lord Macaulay such an epitaph should contain no adjective. But the "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman" of the Scott Expedition would be hard to beat for that particular occasion. I should be sorry to have the responsibility for the Westminster



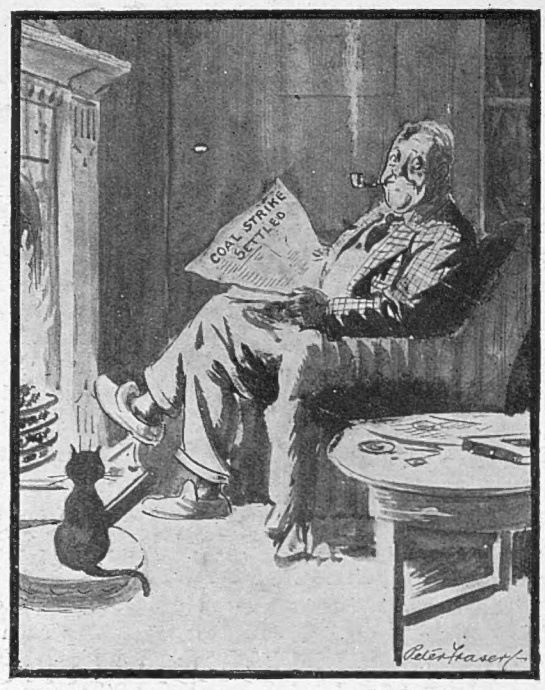
By JOSEPH LEE

BAD ENOUGH, IN ALL CONSCIENCE!

MR. CITYMAN: "Well, I'm jolly glad we won that war; I hate to think what it would have been like if we had lost it!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

Abbey epitaph laid on my shoulders, but I must say I could wish that "Warrior" had not been substituted for "Soldier." Of course, it covers every class of fighting man, but we do not talk of "warriors" to-day. And, after all, it was the men who "stuck it" in the mud and blood of France and Flanders who inspired the idea. Everybody knows, and will know so long as Westminster Abbey stands, that beneath that stone will lie the body of an unknown soldier brought from France. Perhaps "Here lies an Unknown British Soldier, who fell in France, 1914-18," would tell everything.



BY PETER FRASER

"VERY GRATE-FUL"

Judicial Humour

DURING the Greenwood trial at Carmarthen, Miss Morris, daughter of the manageress of the Kidwelly telephone exchange, was asked, "Who attends to the calls?" "Anybody," she replied There followed "laughter, in which the Judge joined." It seems to me that Kidwelly is lucky. I have had considerable experience of a certain exchange lately, and if anybody from it were asked the question put to Miss Morris, the most generally correct answer would seem to be, "Nobody." And, in spite of the Judge, I fail to see any humour in it.

A Study in Versatility

THE latest of our actor-managers, Mr. Stanley Logan, is a man of varied tastes and accomplishments, both on and off the stage. On the stage, where he has been about half his life—some sixteen or seventeen years—he has played many parts. Something of everything in the provinces, then five years at the Royalty under the Vedrenne and Eadie management. Next came a very thorough change—two years of "revue" at the Palace. From song and dance he went to the Playhouse for the long run of *The Naughty Husband* with Miss Gladys Cooper, with whom he had played in *Milestones* at the Royalty. Then, after being leading man in a Drury Lane autumn drama, and acting in comedy again at the Haymarket, he felt ready for management. He is an omnivorous reader, a Dickens enthusiast, and an intimate friend of many who wield the pen. He tells me that he has high hopes of Macdonald Hastings' *Hanky Panky John*, with which he starts his career as manager at the Gaiety, Manchester, on November 15.

The Scots Prophet

THE Pussyfoot fanatics must be somewhat disappointed at the results so far of the Scotch "drink polls." Some little time ago a friend of mine, visiting a rural part of Scotland, heard the minister preach for an hour and forty minutes, explaining the Act to his flock. He admitted that drink might be a curse to some places in Scotland, and believed that the same thing might be said of England. But he was evidently no believer in cloistered virtue, for he told them that "there could be no credit in being sober if it were impossible to get drunk." These prophets should still prophesy.

"Beauty Roche"

THE late Lord Fermoy, who bore his title for such a short time, was an Elizabethan in spirit. It would be hard to say in what part of the world he had not had adventures in the years after he left Cambridge, where he was known as "Beauty Roche." He was a great friend of all the American newspapermen in London for many years. It was one of them who introduced me to him over twenty years ago. He had told me that I probably could not mention a place or a person that "Roach," as he pronounced

THE VENEZE-LEO

W. E. WIGFULL

By E. T. Reed

THE INCOMING PONTIFF, U.S.A.

The Dejected Woodrow (*sighting Harding prospecting in the background*): "See here! Have I got to 'carry-on' with that awful successor o' mine hangin' around all the time with that tri-umphant smi-ile on 'im??! It's jest go.n' ter be a dog-gone purgatory!!"

his name, had not seen or met. The similarity of the name "Roach" to that of the owner of a little place in an obscure corner of South Wales, known to me when a boy, made me ask my new acquaintance if he had ever heard of this little spot. "Yes," said Roche, "it belongs to me." It did. He explained to me that his name was not "Roach," but Roche, and he had inherited the place some years before from his cousin, the man I had known.

A "Breach of Neutrality"

The strangest thing Roche did during the time I knew him was to run a torpedo-boat destroyer from the Thames to Libau during the Russo-Japanese war. Vickers had built the boat, and she was ready for a speed-trial. Roche pretended he wanted to buy her for an eccentric American millionaire, and arranged for a trial. It may sound strange, but an American with the speed craze had bought a destroyer not long before. With scarcely any food or water on board, and a couple of somewhat frightened "hands" to help him, Roche shoved her along at full speed, bluffed his way through the Kiel Canal, delivered her at Libau, and won his £500 bet. For some years after that little breach of neutrality on the part of a British subject, Roche was supposed to live entirely in Paris, where I saw him more than once during the time. But we often saw him in London, too. After a while the affair blew over—Roche himself never thought the adventure anything more than a good joke. The Germans sent a shot after him when he had cleared the Canal and refused to notice their signals to stop. But it went nowhere near him, and Roche said he didn't believe they wanted to stop him once he was through. The boat was obviously not for Japan.

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

What Mayfair Knows

A curious gloom has been hanging over London—at least, what Mayfair calls London—during the past fortnight. Certain newspapers, whose writers would seem to sip daily and hourly at a widow's cruse of hysteria and exaggeration, have beaten this drum and that, but their loudest bangs notwithstanding, the "little season" has opened very sadly and wanly.

"Open Sesame"

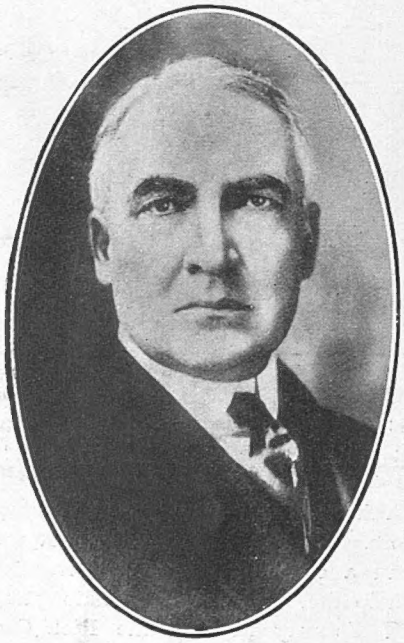
To begin with, there was the coal strike and the threat of a railway strike. It was curious to see have knowledge. Mayfair has knowledge—I use the word "Mayfair," *soit entendu*, to indicate that world which has always possessed, and still possesses, the "Open Sesame" to the inner workings of the State machinery—

"Matters of state
and of might,
Things that great
Ministers do."

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS MILLICENT ORR-EWING

Whose engagement to Mr. Peter Ames, of the Grenadier Guards (S.R.), has just been announced. She is a granddaughter of the seventh Duke of Roxburghe, and only daughter of the late Major J. A. Orr-Ewing and Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing



Photograph *Sport and General*

Photograph *Central News*

SENATOR WARREN G. HARDING AND MRS. HARDING

The President-Elect of the United States of America, in the Republican interest, by a huge majority over Governor Cox, and his wife. Senator Harding is proprietor and editor of the "Marion" (Ohio) Star"

the *per* and *contra* effect of London in this double menace. Some folk fled out of London; some folk fled thither from the country. Either flight had the same meaning—uncertainty as to what was going to happen. And, bless your heart, people are only uncertain when they

The Explanation

The explanation is simple. Its mankind are sprinkled throughout all the Government departments, more particularly the Foreign, the War, and the Home Offices. The Government is not half as blind or stupid as the questions asked—and answered—in Parliament lead the man in the street to suppose. Mankind of all ranks and degrees talks to the womankind of its bosom, and so, without official confidence being broken, a knowledge of political events—and, what is more, the possible trend of those events—comes to the inner set, starting with the Cabinet.

Strange possibilities have been on the carpet. Some day, perhaps, they will be known. In the meantime, borough after borough has risen against the mad extravagance of municipal Labour candidates. A writing on the wall! A long way, you say, from Mayfair, but because of what Mayfair knew, Mayfair breathes more freely.

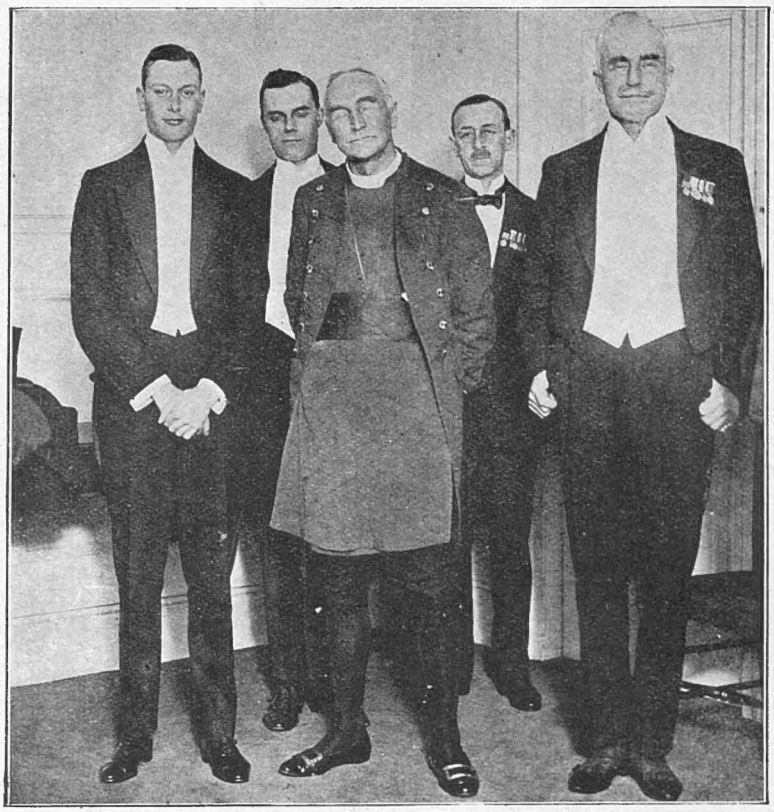
(Continued on page 384)

All the Best People!

BY WALLIS MILLS

HOUSE HUNTER: "The village itself is pretty enough, but what is that large ugly building on the hill?"

AGENT: "It's Madhurst Asylum, your Ladyship, but I don't think you'll find that any detriment. The inmates are all Lords and Dukes and such-like!"



Photograph *L.N.A.*

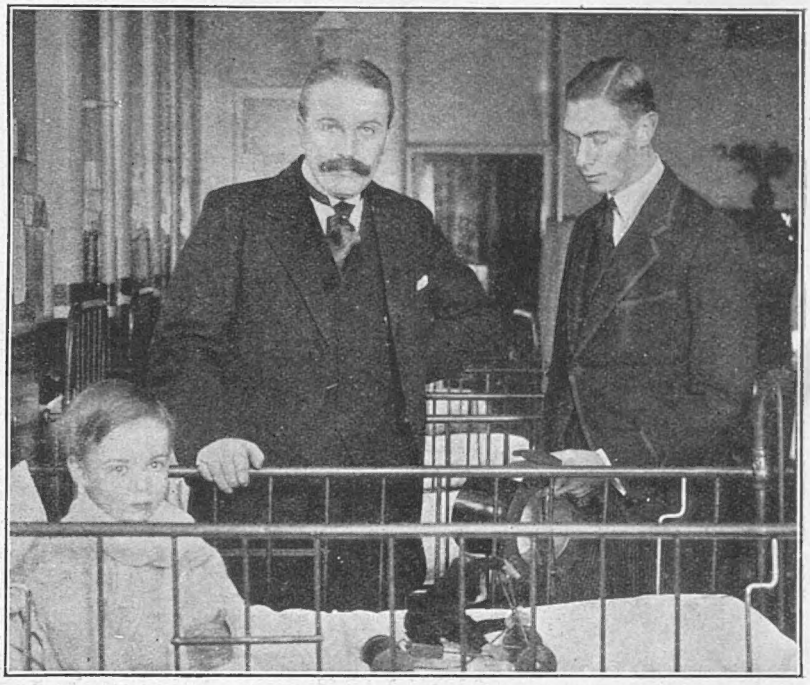
PRINCE HENRY AT THE ALBERT HALL

Where he last week attended a concert in aid of "The Three Memorials," of which the Prince of Wales is patron. The photograph, taken after the reception, shows (from left to right in front) Prince Henry, the Bishop of London and Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P.

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS PETRONELLA M. K. WESTENRA

Daughter of the Hon. Peter Craven Westenra and cousin of the Duchess of Newcastle, whose engagement to Lieut. E. T. W. Church, R.N., has just been announced



Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF YORK

On a visit of inspection to the London Homœopathic Hospital in Great Ormonde Street last week. He is seen chatting to a little patient in the "John Weir" cot, in the children's ward. The cot was presented to the hospital by Dr. John Weir, who is also seen in the picture

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

Marriage à la Democracy

A MILD sensation was caused by the announcement of the marriage of Lord Robert Innes-Ker to Miss José Collins. Unions between the peerage and the stage have become so usual that they scarcely excite remark, but, so far, our ducal houses have not sought wives amongst the queens of song. Lord Robert's brothers, the Duke of Roxburghe and Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, both married Americans, the Duchess being a daughter of the *richissime* Ogden Goelet. Lord Robert's mother, the Dowager Duchess, was born Lady Anne Spencer-Churchill, and is aunt to the Duke of Marlborough. She was a great figure at the Court of Queen Victoria, being at one time Mistress of the Robes. A far cry, this, to the *Maid of the Mountains* and *The Southern Maid!* But our peerage grows democratic. Has not my Lord Viscount Melville chosen a shop-assistant for his second wife, and the future Lord Kinloss laid his coronet-to-be at the feet of a blacksmith's daughter?

"Log Cabin to White House"

IT is the boast of America that birth in a log-cabin may lead to White House. But surely we have proved ourselves equally democratic in England? Office-boys can become Prime Ministers, and girls who are really good can become peeresses. So why do some people hanker after a Republic?

Our Motor Show Supplement

THE Second Motor Show Supplement, dealing with the Exhibitions at Olympia and the White City is included in this issue.

Two Noble Representatives

OF A HAPPIER—AND ALMOST FORGOTTEN—IRELAND

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD

Lord Massereene was formerly in the 17th Lancers, and obtained his D.S.O. in South Africa. He served during the European War as A.Q.M.G., being mentioned in despatches. Lady Massereene is the eldest daughter of Sir John Stirling Ainsworth, late Member for Argyllshire. The photograph was taken at Antrim Castle

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE."

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 8

DEAR COUSIN—

MEMORIES throng in on us this week, don't they? For this Thursday as ever is will be the anniversary of that great and unforgettable day when the War came at last to an end. The second anniversary . . . only the second? Hardly to be believed, is it?

卐 卐

WE do seem to have tucked it away so thoroughly and completely and entirely into the background somehow. The round of work and of pleasure has got so settled down again into its usual ways. The big things have died down and the little things blossomed up once more into full bloom. We get quite intrigued over a sordid poisoning case or the murder of half-a-dozen policemen in Ireland, and the slaughter of millions of our best and dearest but a short yesterday ago has passed, apparently, into the dim region of forgotten dreams.

"Dripping trees leafless and bare, the pavements wet and dreary"

卐 卐

IT is well, perhaps, that it should be so. Life's got to be lived, and we can't live to-day's life in the past. "Ride on, ride on!" as Steerforth put it in one of those all but forgotten books of Dickens, the *démodé*. Let the merciful mists of time soften the jagged outline of tragedy, so that at last we can bear to glance back at it and yet carry on. Let the wounded heart stop bleeding and beat for the world that remains . . . . . .

"Taxi drivers demand a king's ransom"

卐 卐

STILL, for all but the most unthinking, somewhere deep down always the ache will be there:

Birds shall sing in the branches,
Children dance by the shore;
But they who shared the red reaping
Shall come back never more.
Let whoso can forget them,
Walking life's noisy ways;
We who have looked on the Reapers
Go quietly all our days.

And it is an ache that, after all, however it hurts sometimes, we would not be without. Rather anything, surely, than the cow-like apathy of comfortable oblivion.

卐 卐

THIS, too, is the season of memory. When the sun shines brightly and the skies are blue, and the sea ripples lazily with a myriad little sparkling flashes of light, and the perfumed day lingers long and the nights are "short and sweet as our first love." . . . Then the past is more easily lost in the vibrant, insistent consciousness of the present. Summer's spell is strong to tie us down to the things of the moment, and Nature conspires to keep us from remembering:

. . . . . Green Earth forgets.
The gay young generations mask her grief;
Where bled her children hangs the loaded sheat.
Forgetful is green Earth. . . .

卐 卐

BUT when the days are short and the nights long, when the skies are grey, the dripping trees leafless and bare, the pavements wet and dreary. . . . Well, never mind, what of it? *C'est la vie.* And a very nice life, too, what? when you go about it the right way? Let's turn down the page of memory and enjoy it to the full.

卐 卐

LOTS of scope for that, anyway, here in London now. Armistice dances in plenty, to begin with—and if there's anything better than dancing, as a drug for grief as well as an outlet for joy, all I can say is I should like to know its name. A big Victory Ball at the Albert Hall, for one, and any

amount more at places like the Embassy and the Criterion Roof-Garden and the London Country Club, where they've got one of the best floors in or near London and you can stay the night if you want to—no mean consideration for them that like to keep it up till the hours when taxi-drivers demand a king's ransom to take you home to your little cot.

I HEAR, by the way, there's a new an' "norrible" habit growing up among the lately rich of buying lots of tickets for big dances with their ill-gotten gold (just to show they've got it) and then just passing them on to anyone and everyone. "Really, the other night, Blanchette," writes one who rashly bought his own, "thought I must have made a mistake and be dancing in the servants' hall. Evidently some of our purse-proud profiteers had been struck with a sudden fit of generosity, or else dined too well to dance that night, and handed on their tickets to the humbler members of their large domestic staffs. The Great War has left me democratic enough for most purposes, but when I'm out for a bright (and expensive) evening at a 'smart' resort, to find myself spending it in the company of cooks and housemaids comes, I confess, as a bit of a shock."

SOUNDS rather appalling, certainly, and a matter that rather wants taking in hand. Only thing is, can one be *quite* sure that they really *were* cooks and housemaids after all? I mean, some of our new aristocracy . . . well, as he remarks, these are democratic days, what?

TALKING of dances, there's to be rather an extra special one next week at those lovely rooms at the Hyde Park Hotel that overlook the Park—the Three Arts one, where no one's to wear fancy dress as in past years, which'll leave all the more scope to concentrate on the dancing, won't it? All the other places going strong, too, from the Ritz, where that charming underground room has just been reopened with great *éclat* and a new *danseuse*, to the Grafton Galleries, which had a perfectly good gala night last week, with all sorts of delightful favours and things from Paris, and where the wonderful "exhibitions" of Georges Fontana and Miss Marjorie Moss—the lightest-footed little dancer in London—are not least among the attractions.

VERY last word in mateyness, by the way, the newest new dance that they're trying to introduce into our ballrooms—from, of course, the U.S.A. The Paul Jones it's called, said Paul having been, I believe, a famous pirate or something. You foxtrot innocently and unsuspectingly along with your partner, when suddenly a whistle blows. Women all join hands and go round in a circle, and men in another circle round them. . . . Whistle blows

"Had dined too well to dance that night"

again and all stop. . . . Every man grabs the girl he's halted opposite to and dances with her for five minutes. And so on, *ad lib.*

AWFULLY nice and communal, what? And as danced at, for instance, the Embassy the other night, causes much fun and amusement to some. But most of us, I'm afraid, are, perhaps, a bit too individualistic in our dancing ideas over here to "fall for it," as they say over there. Afraid, too, great temptation to the weaker sex not to keep *too* strictly to the rules. Distinctly offside, some of the men seem to get, when they happened to stop opposite a . . . well, a lady they *don't* want to dance with. The scramblings and the rushings for the next, or the next but one. . . .

"The scramblings and the rushings for the next"

MORE talk of a General Election any moment, Father Bernard Vaughan once more telling us how immoral we are, hunting and the motor show on again, the King of Spain back at the Ritz as last November—history does repeat itself, doesn't it?—and memories or no memories, "the world goes on just the same." But it's good for us to remember sometimes.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Hicksographs—No. I. "'Appy 'Ampstead"

DAPHNE POLLARD AND LADDIE CLIFF IN THEIR FAMOUS DANCE IN THE SECOND EDITION OF "JIG-SAW"

The Hampstead Heath scene, depicted above in such a novel manner, is one of the most effective in the Hippodrome revue

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY AT THE AMBASSADORS

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL

I AM informed that the term "White-Headed Boy" is one that is usually applied to the favourite son of the family in Ireland, and in the absence of evidence to the contrary I propose to accept this explanation. The story centres round a family living in a place called Ballycolman, and it is entirely amusing. I am not, by the way, an authority on Irish humour, and I noted with some curiosity that every time a surprising situation developed, one of the company exclaimed "My God!" and the audience at once laughed immoderately. Perhaps it is our native Pharisaism that makes us a little squeamish at such plain speaking. Instead, we usually say, "Dear me!" which is of course *Dio mio!* phonetically anglicised, and do not hesitate to use the playful phrase "All my eye and Betty Martin!" which in its Latin form is a pious invocation to one of the Saints. But then we were always a nation of hypocrites, and I suppose we shall be even so to the end.

THE White-Headed Boy is Denis, the youngest son of Mrs. Geoghegan (Miss Sara Allgood). He is a youth of twenty or so, but he is his mammy's darling still. Nothing is too good for Denis. His eldest brother, George, has had to scrape and screw in order to squeeze enough funds out of the family business so that Denis may be sent to Trinity College (Dublin), with the idea that he shall ultimately qualify for a physician. The eldest daughter, Kate, is growing old before her time, and has missed her chance of marriage because her dowry has been spent for the benefit of Denis, though

she still dreams pleasantly of the "large, hairy man" to whom she first lost her young and untried heart. Another daughter, Jane, is delaying her marriage for the same reason; while the third daughter, "Baby," has decided that she has no further use for the old home, and wants to go to Dublin to get a job as a shorthand-typist, as she will not only see more of the world that way, but may have the chance of marrying a "gentleman," that is to say, a man who goes to an office every day. As the play opens Denis is expected every minute from Dublin where he has been sitting for an examination. His fond mother takes it for granted that he has passed, because he has written to her to say he is sure to get through this time. And he is such a clever boy that he must know all about it.

And then Denis arrives with the dismal news that he has been ploughed again. His mother is all sympathy, and sends out to get the dear boy an egg for his tea; but George is not unnaturally fed up with the whole business, and he says so in delightfully plain language. He is not going to continue wasting his life so that Denis may add to the list of his mistakes and follies. Denis has become engaged to Delia, the daughter of John Duffy, a shining light of the district; but nobody ever seemed to think in all these years that George himself might be wanting to get married. The rest of the "children" echo these fighting sentiments warmly, and between them Denis gets a pretty bad quarter of an hour. His mother appeals to him to take no notice of his censorious brothers and sisters, but he decides otherwise. It is then that he proves to be a young man of spirit and independence. He points out quite truly that he did not ask the family to make him a physician, or even to send him to college. They all told him he was clever and would do great things; and now that they have found out that he is not clever and can't do anything, they want to blame him for their mistake! The family "row" is very humorous and quite perfectly acted in all respects. Finally, George says that while he will pay out no more money for Denis's education, he will give him the price of his passage to Canada and a trifle over for immediate expenses, and that will be the last thing the family can do for him.

MIGNON O'DOHERTY AS BABY

ARTHUR SHIELDS AS DENNIS

Denis objects to being sent away from home in this manner, especially as there is Delia to be thought of. He does not want to leave her behind to wait till he has made money, and he cannot marry her and take her with him to an unknown country where she might have to rough it terribly. As, however, he is now without visible means of subsistence he dashes off a note to Delia breaking the engagement, and announcing that he is about to start life in Canada. The family agree that he has done the best thing possible; but as it does not suit their pride that the neighbours should know that Denis has been practically kicked out for a waster, they spread the news in the village that he is going to take up a lucrative appointment with a cousin over there,

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

where he will draw a large income from the popular industry of watching other people do the work. The idea is Aunt Ellen's. She is a well-to-do relation who is fostered by the Geoghegans in the hope that she will leave her money to them when she dies. She is represented with striking ability by Miss Maire O'Neill.

THEN Mr. John Duffy, Councillor and Postmaster, drifts casually on the scene. He thinks it is about time he took a hand in the game. So he explains that he has just called to say that he has heard that Denis Geoghegan has thrown his daughter, Delia, over and broken her heart, and he wishes to remark that a Duffy is as good as a Geoghegan any day. As the Geoghegans have not so far claimed to be anything in particular, he is probably correct. He is a plain man of business and he would just like the Geoghegans to know that if Denis does not marry Delia, he will claim damages to the tune of a thousand pounds in the courts, and will have a very good case. This is ghastly news for George. It would have been cheaper to have kept Denis at college. Mr. Duffy will not hear of compromise, and the Geoghegans will not entertain the idea of anything of the kind for a moment. Then Aunt Ellen takes a hand in the game. She tackles Mr. Duffy in a private interview, and, finally, gets him to withdraw his proposed action in return for the payment of a hundred pounds down, and her promise to marry him at Shrovetide.

GEORGE is unaware of the terms that Auntie has arranged, and being in a state of panic, he offers Duffy a couple of hundred to settle the matter, and, finally, Mrs. Geoghegan herself presses twenty pounds into Duffy's very prehensile palm and says it's a present for a good boy, or something like that. It must seem to Duffy that he ought seriously to embark in the business of threatening to have the law on thrifty families of small means. It is clearly a paying game. The great joke comes when Denis renders all these negotiations useless by threatening to take up a navvy's job in the village, so that both the Geoghegans and the Duffys have to buy him out of his dreadful programme with all the ready cash they have available. The white-headed boy seems bound to score every time whether he does it on purpose or not. Denis is played by Mr. Arthur Shields in an agreeably lively manner; while brother George is represented by Mr. Sydney Morgan with an art that is singularly complete. Mr. Arthur Sinclair's Duffy impressed me as being a really noteworthy performance, natural and convincing to a degree. A small but perfectly balanced part is that of the elder daughter, Kate, a gentle mixture of humour and pathos which is cleverly handled by Miss Norah Desmond. There is a distinction about this play which should be very satisfying to the tired playgoer in search of something good and new. JINGLE.

What They Really Say

No. IV.—AT THE DENTIST

BY DELL LEIGH

"I'VE — er — an appointment with Mr. Forsdyke."

"Yes, sir. Name, please?"

"Pentup."

"Oh, yes, sir; two-forty-five; will you leave your hat and stick here, sir? *This* way, please. . . ."

"Excuse me, but have you finished with that paper? Thanks. Very hot in here, don't you think?"

"Umph."

"I beg your pardon, I didn't quite——?"

"Umph."

"Yes, I know; I'm feeling like that myself, rather. Ha! ha!"

"Pardon me, but might I trouble you for that *Sunday Times*—nothing very amusing in this. *Sunday Times* more suitable, don't you think?"

"Suitable to what?"

"Oh—er—the general environment. Ha! ha!"

"Nerves? No. I don't suffer from nerves, I believe I've got an exposed one."

"Yes. But we shall soon see. Forsdyke's a devil among the nerves, they tell me. Rooted objection to gas. Says it is unhygienic."

"What? Oh, he just prods the gum with some freezing stuff. But he has to be very quick or it thaws when the tooth is just beginning to come away."

"Ugh."

"Ready for me?—righto!"—

"Ah, Mr. Forsdyke, *good* afternoon. I think there is a little something here wants stopping, nothing much, of course. I just feel very hot tea, and iced drinks, and that kind of thing. But, of course, my teeth are perfectly——"

"Open, please. Just there do you mean?"

"Aourgh—yes."

"Ye-e-es, that's a pity, that is. Who filled that tooth? I'm sure I didn't. (Keep mouth open a minute.) A *local* man? Local man, where? A-ah. Oh, well, that accounts for it."

"Accounts for what?"

"Now don't talk just for a moment, please; we'll tuck this napkin round the gums—so. Turn your head a *leetle* more this way. That's splendid! (Pr-r-r-rh.) This won't hurt you. I'm only going to cut away a little unnecessary—ah, but you mustn't move, you know. Now, quite still. Open, wider—fine. . . . That didn't hurt, did it?"

"Laake He-eaal."

"Ah, I'm so glad. Knew it wouldn't. Open, please. (Pr-r-r-rh.) Ye-es there's a biggish cavity. Good thing you came to me. A-ah, I'm *so* sorry, rather near the nerve there, I'm afraid."

"Do-aaan't waarn' any moar boaarin'!"

"I'm nearly finished. H'm, yes. We'll put a temporary dressing in there."

"Uurggh—aaarh——"

"Steady—steady. I shan't be a second now. I'll just heat this in the flame. Must do that, you see, the gutta-percha hardens quicker if you put it in hot. *So*—that's right. Open wider. Little more."

"Oooarrh—pssth—aah!"

"Splendid. Now bite hard. Again. Rinse well. Once more. We'll put a metal filling in next time. When shall we say? Three o'clock, Friday? That will suit me excellently. *Good*-bye." (Rings.)

"Hat, sir? Stick, sir? Taxi, sir?"

"No!" Glances down the vista of Harley Street, scowling, hails taxi.

"Where dyer wan' go?"

"Somewhere where I can get a double whisky, quick."

"No drinks arter two-thirty—you know that's well as I do, if not better."

"Go to the Pessimists' Club then."

'Why didn' yer say so before? Think I'm a bloomin' spiritualist or somefink?"

Jerks down flag.

IN ERIN'S ISLE: A REASONABLE REQUEST

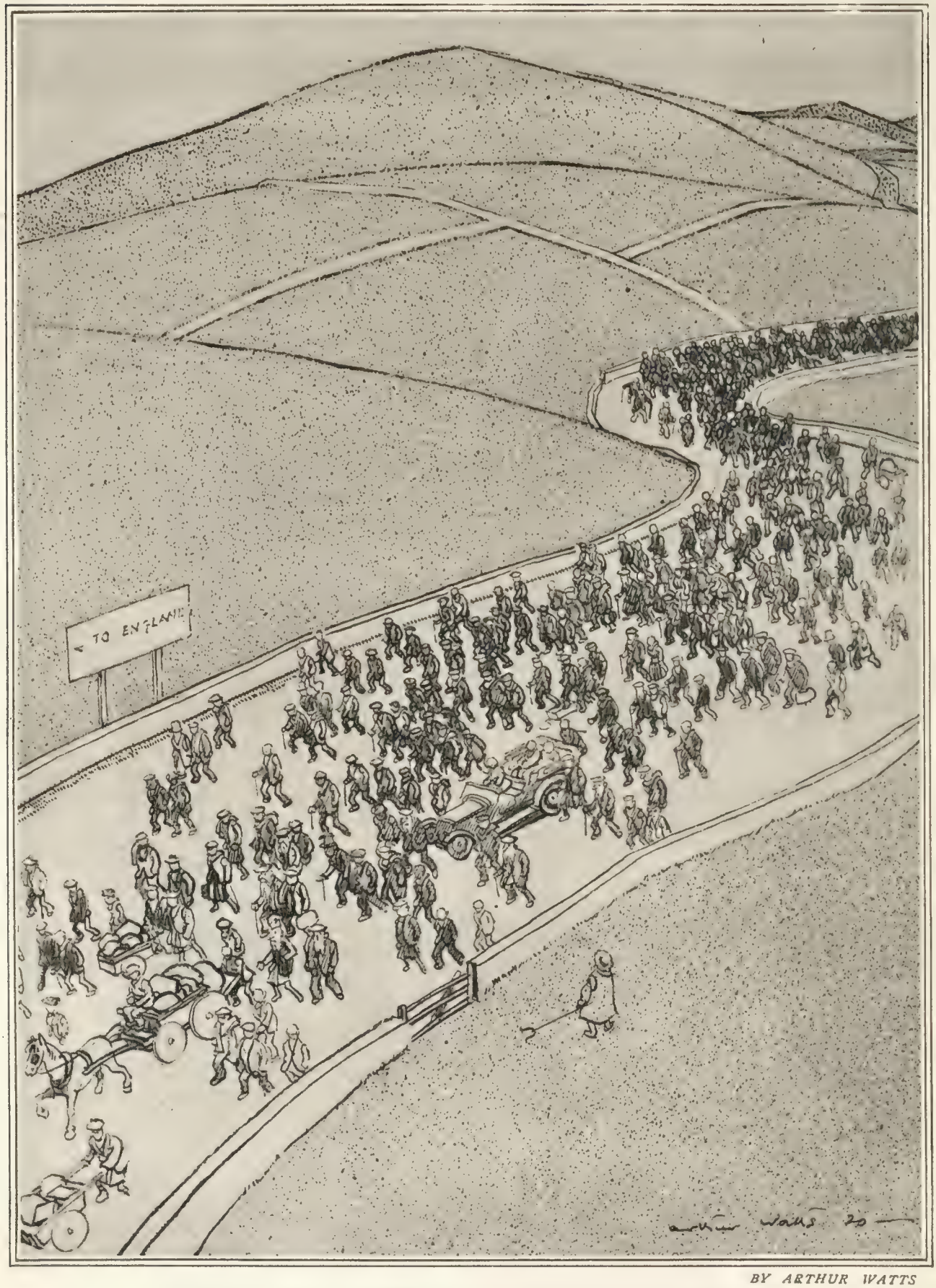
By Norman Pett

The White Citizen

BY ALFRED LEETE

"BEEN BURGLING A NURSERY 'E 'AS"

Unless Pussyfoot is "Scotched"



BY ARTHUR WATTS

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF SCOTLAND GOES DRY

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin

"A *collier de perles* or a coat of furs"

MES AMIS—

I DO not know what you have found in England, but here since the War it is very often our complaint how the girls have changed and are not now so nice as they used to be. My sisters and Gi-Gi say that that is all rubbish and that it is the men who have changed, and since they have come back from the War expect still that they shall be worshipped as if they were heroes on permission, but in the *café* one evening we have made a long discussion about it, and we have concluded that it was true that it was the girls who have changed.

IT was Paul Descaves who has started the discussion. For five minutes he has sat without to say anything just looking at the girls in the *café* and then he has sighed. At once we have demanded to know the story. Up in Montmartre, he has told us, he has gone one evening to a fair because he has wished to have some adventure which would help him to get himself rid of the *cafard*, and for two evenings he has imagined that at last he was about to be the very happiest man in Paris.

"ON CHANGES."

"BUT she was *épatante*," he declared. "She was a brunette, with the hair cut short and all curly. Slim, too, and *chic*. '*Mon vieux*,' I have said to myself, 'you tumble well for once.' How she has laughed and been amused when we have made the tour of the *foire*, and have ridden on the swinging pigs, and gone on the zig-zag. I am not of those who make the campaign too fast, and so I have arranged that we should meet the next evening for dinner at the Auberge, and till then how I have been happy to think of what pleasures I should have to be loved by anyone so charming.

"She was a brunette"

"FICHTRE, how I deceived myself. Our dinner has been a success like doesn't often happen and afterwards we have gone to the Tabarin and danced."

PAUL has stopped then. "*Et puis?*" Marcel demanded. "*Et puis, mon vieux?*" Paul shrugged the shoulders: "*Et puis bonsoir*," he has said. "They no longer love these girls of nowadays. *Bigre* they work for a company of American bankers and gain so many dollars that one must give them a *collier de perles* or a coat of furs before they will even smile and give one a kiss. One begins to imagine that they are all become cold like Sainte Nitouche and greedy as peasants. There aren't any more who are simple and loving like girls ought to be. The world is sadly changed *copains* since we went to the War."

THEN everyone began to tell a story of the same kind, how this one had had a *marraine* in the War who was all that one could wish, and now she plays for the *ciné*, and will not see him any more, because he touches only three thousand francs a month at the Bourse

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"They put too much rouge on their lips"

and cannot take her every evening to the restaurants *de luxe*. Another has found that he is neglected for an American who dances like he never could, and a third has made the complaint that his friend worries him every day that they should get married, before Monsieur le Maire.

WHEN we have all told our stories we have been very sad, and have decided that our fathers were very lucky to have been young and lived when women have not yet become modern in their ideas and put too much rouge on their lips and smoked our best cigarettes. Ah, we have said, where is the simplicity and charm of Mimi Pinson who desires only to be loved by a beau with side whiskers? These modern *midinettes* have only one idea to find a friend with millions of money who will dance like Harry Pilcer and dress them like the wife of a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt.

THERE was only Marcel who has not agreed with us. He has sat and listened for a long time, and then he has said, "*Vous autres, vraiment vous n'avaz pas de la veine.*" Then he has told us other stories. They are the stories that his mother has told him because it is to her that all the people of the Quartier go when they have not any more to eat or have the heart broken. There was one of Marthe Paillard who has given her last louis to Pierre G——so that he could buy enough to eat while he finished the romance which has made him famous. Of course, he never goes to see her any more, but that is the way it always is in France. There is always someone who gives and someone who takes everything.

"My cigars and tobacco which disappear"

MARCEL'S mother has many stories like that, and she has known the Quartier now for many years, though she is still the youngest in the heart of all the people there. They make one laugh and cry together, which is the right way to be human. "Never say to my mother," said Marcel, when he had told his stories that the girls are not any longer good hearted. "It is only last week she will tell you that one she knows has sold all her furs and all her dresses except two to send a friend to the country to cure herself."

C'est chic all that, and one is glad to know how such nice types exist. But all the same it is sometimes that such devotion is not very good. There is, for instance, the *femme de menage* who dusts every day my *garconnière*. She is not very young, and she has too few teeth to be beautiful, and yet I know that she loves someone like I would wish very much to be loved. How do I know? It is easy. If it was only my cigarettes that she takes. If it was only these, I should think how she smoked them herself, but there are also my cigars and tobacco which disappear.

BUT now when she takes my best cigars I shall always think now of poor Paul and his girl with the curly hair, and shall remember not to be cross because, *voyons*, one can always hope to be loved some day oneself like that—though not by my *femme de chambre*.

PHILIPPE

English Air Girl's Pluck

MOST DARING PARACHUTE DROP ON RECORD

Photographs *L.N.A.*

MISS SYLVA BOYDEN

The famous English Air Girl, has just electrified Denmark by her astonishing feat of jumping from an aeroplane with a parachute in a sixty-mile-an-hour gale, rather than disappoint the 10,000 people who had come to watch the demonstration

A LINK WITH

H THE PAST

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"A TRIO" By Graham Simmons

"What brought you here, my man?"
"Two policemen, sir."

"Drunk, I suppose?"
"Yes sir, both of 'em"

An Oxford Dialogue

BY FREDERICK GRUNDY

[*According to "The Isis," the granting by Oxford of all its rights and privileges to women will cause the latter to swarm there in such numbers as to swamp the men, who will consequently give "women-ridden Oxford a miss" and go to Cambridge, leaving Oxford to become an entirely female University. It is after this has happened that the following dialogue takes place one summer term between two undergraduate friends in rooms in College.*]

LUCY: Well, sit down, old dear! Take a cigarette, and there's some chocolates. What did you do in London? Isn't it splendid you're in the Eight? And why didn't you dine in Hall?

ELSIE: Couldn't face Hall after London, dear, so I just had an egg and a cup of tea and a couple of ices at Vincent's.

L.: Anybody there?

E.: No one to speak of—the Club's gone off awfully since those Basket-ball people got so strong.

L.: Well, I'm not sorry—the beasts wouldn't have me or Margot, though we got our Archery Blues, and Margot can pull the longest bow in the 'Varsity. But never mind them. Aren't you glad you're in the Eight? Training begins to-morrow, you know.

E.: Yes, Maudie wired, and told me mind to be back to-day. Wouldn't it be fine if we could bump Jesus and go Head of the river!

L.: Bump Jesus! Don't be silly, dear! They've been Head of the river for seven years, and are likely to stop there for ever, far as *I* can see.

E.: Yet father says they were always very low in his day, and grandfather says they were always bottom or bottom but one in his.

L.: "Times is changed," old dear! All the best Eton girls go to Jesus now, simply 'cause the Welsh colliers are about the only people left these days who can afford to send their daughters to Eton—and I must say they do stick to Jesus.

E.: I forgot about that—and now the Duke of Criccieth's granddaughter's there they're keener than ever. They'll do anything for her—they're in training already.

L.: Yes, and, d'you know, I hear she had eight of 'em up stopping at the Leander Club for the last week of the vac., and had them coached by two Cambridge men, young Nickalls and Ampthill, they say. I don't call it fair—it's jolly fine to be a Duke's granddaughter. Chuck the chocolates over, dear!

E.: The Duke must be very old now, but mother said she saw him in the Carlton Club last week looking simply wonderful.

L.: Yes—and I saw a photograph of him in THE BYSTANDER last week playing golf What a head of hair! I heard father say in the vac. that the Duke hadn't missed a meeting of the Supreme Council since 1920, and it was all due to him they settled the Seltzern-Apollinarische frontier last March He told father all about it in the Reform Club. But did you order your Eights things this afternoon?

E.: *Oh! No!* I wanted to *tell* you! When I got Maudie's wire mother said I should have them all from Lucille's, *and* my dress for the 'Varsity Ball.

L.: How topping! Isn't it fine that this year's colours are just right for you! They were horrid last year, but somehow or other

(Continued on page 402)

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These Topsy-Turvy Times

BY BERT THOMAS

THE ORIGIN OF CA'CANNY

ON ALIEN STUBBLE

BY
THE BYSTANDER
IN OCCUPATION

"One can take a 'dog'"

THE sadness of summer's farewell in Rhineland is tempered by much the same autumnal consolations as at home. All the gay little hotels with verandahs overhanging the Rhine have packed off their cosmopolitan crowd of guests—their Prussians, their Polish Jews, their British staff officers, their French civil commissioners, and their Rhenish "Schiebers." Their mournful summer waiters have gone off to hibernate in caves in the rocky crags below which their hotels lie—for, if they do not hibernate, who can explain what happens to these dreary creatures between September and April, when, rubbing their sleepy eyes, they descend in hordes on the modern hotels in the old-fashioned villages with the cobwebs of their winter retreat hardly cleared away from their dreary side-whiskers?

THE hotels have replaced their expensive *à la carte* meals by a modest *table d'hôte*, for once correctly so called, since the stray guest shares it with mine host and his family. That alone might be reckoned as one of the pleasures of autumn by those who prefer their own company, plus that of the unobtrusive landlord, to a heated roomful of assorted nationalities.

BUT there are more positive and homelike pleasures for occupiers in autumn. Between Rhenish and British stubble is no great gulf fixed—and certainly none exists between the Rhenish and British partridge. It is only the dog which makes one realise that one is tramping over alien stubble.

ONE can take a "dog"—that is to say, the sort of pleasant, nondescript, ambling beast that on the Continent does duty with the utmost good humour and impartiality as a beast of burden, lap-dog, house-dog, retriever, or foxhound. Its owner sometimes professes to know something of its ancestry—thereby arousing his friends' mirth—and doubtless that of the dog himself. The latter is a good fellow, with many noble qualities—but pride of birth is emphatically not one of them.

By H. L. Oakley

"Its owner professes to know something of its ancestry"

AS an alternative, one can follow the German's own example and take a "Teckel"—*anglicé* Dachshund! The idea rouses a smile—not so the animal's performance, once one has got accustomed to the sight of an agitated brown sausage undulating—it is the only word—after a winged bird. The Dachshund possesses every requirement of a good retriever—easily broken to the gun, extremely obedient and intelligent, soft mouth and an excellent nose. His pluck is proverbial out here, and is only natural, considering that he was originally bred for the purpose of persuading that extremely tenacious home-keeper, the badger, to vacate his ancestral abode.

INVITATIONS from wealthy Germans to shoot driven birds should be firmly declined by the Britisher who is looking for sport, not an orgy of eating and drinking! The man to initiate one into the best of Rhineland's shooting is the farmer, or the hard-up Cologne dweller who just manages to scrape together a few hundred marks per annum for the right to shoot over quite a presentable area of "imperial" forest. Anything that creeps, crawls, flies, runs, or jumps may be bagged, and as the varied possibilities include wild pig, squirrel, stag, deer, and—fox, his chances are good of bringing home something. For alas! the one pleasure of the autumn sportsman, unobtainable by the English exile in Rhineland, is foxhunting—and so the little red beast is fair game for any man with a gun.

YET one still meets an occasional German who cannot understand why his English "cousins" sided against Germany in the World War!

ERIC GORDON

Our Peace-Time Navy

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. V.—DOCKING A SUBMARINE AT HASLAR

DOUBLE-DEALING

BY ITYS CHRISTIE

MONICA was reading a letter which brought into display the dimples in her cheeks. She was looking provokingly pretty. I know it because I was observing her over the hedge.

She sat under the big apple tree on the lawn. I warrant she had suited her gown to the blossom on the tree; such effects are not a matter of chance with her.

Suddenly she caught up her parasol, and I doubled round the corner just in time to meet her, unconcernedly, as she passed up the lane.

"Oh! is it you?" she faltered, and her mouth drooped at the corners.

"It might well be my astral body," I responded, consolingly.

She had the decency to lower her eyes, and she prodded the ground with her parasol. She has a small foot.

"Would you mind?" There was humility in her tone.

"That would be inconsistent."

"Inconsistent?"

"I have been given to understand that an astral body *has* no mind," was my explanation. "The mind is elsewhere — in more congenial company," and, lifting my cap, I left her. I think she stared after me for a moment, for I heard no sound of her footsteps.

Later in the morning, when I was searching for a really original method of killing off my villain, a note was brought to me. It was from Monica's mother, and demanded my presence at tea-time. I put it in my pocket with a smile. I like drinking tea with Monica's mother; we are each a source not only of interest, but of comfort to each other.

"I can't think what she is about," lamented my hostess, and I watched the usual lump of sugar drop into my tea-cup.

"What is the latest?" I placed the sodden mass in my saucer, comforting myself with its single personality.

"My dear man! Haven't you heard the talk of the village?"

"I have not been about much lately. I am working against time."

"*Work!*" Words fail me here; it is impossible to describe the scorn with which she villified this necessary evil. "What is your work compared to Monica's happiness?"

This being unarguable, I had no case—nor wished it otherwise.

I suggested that we might begin by her telling me what the slanders were that were being circulated about her daughter.

"That is just it," complained the poor lady. "If they *were* slanders one would know how to act, but they are not. Another cup of tea?"

"Without sugar, please."

"Oh! I am so sorry; I always forget. You know Peter Dry?"

"Certainly."

"Of course, you were at school together."

"And at college. We are great friends."

"Well, Monica is seeing a great deal too much of him. Minnie Dry and Justicia Lemon have set their hearts on Peter marrying Daisy Lemon, and everything has gone on so successfully up till lately. The young couple seemed devoted to each other, and now Monica steps in and spoils it all!"

I suggested that Monica's feelings might be considered in the affair, only to be met by the disdainful assurance:

"She *has* no feelings!"

I venture to disagree with this statement, but realising that to differ with a mother over her child's qualifications is an impertinence, I ate my cake in silence.

"If I can do anything——," I murmured, finally.

"You are the only person who has the slightest influence with her. She will listen to you when she laughs at everybody else."

"Possibly the laughter comes a little later in my case."

"I cannot think why you do not marry her. It would be a weight off my mind, I am sure."

"Since the arrival of my little legacy I have almost come to your way of thinking myself; but as Monica——"

It was just at this point that the door opened and the subject of our discussion stood smiling at us from the threshold.

I did not feel happy; it is not comfortable to be constantly in the presence of beauty which eludes one. Besides, my conscience was not quite at ease.

"I am engaged to be married," she announced in her cool voice. "May I have a cup of tea, mums?"

She crossed the room as she spoke, flung her parasol down on the sofa and herself beside it. Then she nodded up at me. "We have met before, to-day."

Her mother was staring at her, speechless.

Monica helped herself to bread and butter from the plate I offered. After that first careless nod she did not look at me again.

"To Peter Dry," she continued, and the dimples came into evidence.

"You are to be congratulated!" I said, and, taking her hand in mine, I shook it warmly. "You have gained a jewel!"

She looked a little startled.

"I should hardly have thought you would have put it like that."

"He is younger than I am," I went on, thoughtfully, "and his nose shows character."

This—I confess it—was disloyal on my part, but I knew old Peter would forgive me.

"Are you going to the dance to-night?" Monica kept her eyes on her plate, but as her mother is past the age of dancing I concluded the question was addressed to myself.

"Most decidedly!" My voice indicated pleasurable anticipation.

"Oh! . . . I thought perhaps you would not care to go out to-night."

"Why not?" I could not have

A "Stretcher" Case

SHE: "You promise not to be late?"
HE: "I never break my word, dear"
SHE: "No, darling—it's too elastic!"

BY HARRY WOULLEY

GIRLS OF LONDON TOWN

No. 4: MISS CHANCERY LANE.

Miss Chancery Lane is young and pretty,
And taps a typewriter in the City.
Like a dear little bunny demure and brown
She burrows by Tube into London Town,
And scuttles along, with ten thousand more,
To disappear through an Office-door

She takes shorthand notes from the grey-haired Boss
Who resembles a porpoise grown old and cross,
A dancing struggling sunbeam calls
But her Youth is trapped within ugly walls
Till she speeds away for a princely lunch—
A plate of soup and a bun to munch!

Then with radiant smiles she comes flying back.
For the Boss is absent and work is slack—
Her despatch-case yields up a treasured store
Of the Cigarettes that all girls adore,
And Abdullas carry Miss Chancery Lane
To the Castle of Dreams that is built in Spain

R.H.

SMOKE LONDON'S ONLY CIGARETTE

ABDULLA

From Daly's to Debrett

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS JOSÉ COLLINS

The famous actress, who is playing in "The Southern Maid" at Daly's, was recently married to Lord Robert Innes-Ker, youngest brother of the Duke of Roxburghe. Lady Innes-Ker is a daughter of that well-known actress, Miss Lottie Collins

"DOUBLE DEALING" (*concluded*)

evinced greater surprise had it been the genuine thing.

"The Janson girls are going, are they not?" I demanded, anxiously.

"I believe so."

"Oh, then, that's all right! And now I must get back to work. I expect I shall be dancing up to all hours, so I must put in some 'overtime' this evening. *Au revoir*. I hope Peter will be happy with you; he's such a good chap."

For one moment she lifted her eyes to mine, and, bowing, I left mother and child to what I felt sure would be a most interesting conversation.

. . . . . .

If there is anything of which I am really ashamed, it is my behaviour towards Mary Janson at the dance that night. I stuck to her like a leech, and we spent most of the evening in each other's society. I did not ask Monica to dance with me, and I avoided her at every turn. It was about 2 a.m. when she came upon me unawares in the dining-room.

"Why haven't you asked me for a single dance?" she demanded.

"I know my place, and I am not a spoil-sport. Have you and Peter had a good time?"

She ignored this.

"Take me into the garden," she said.

"Won't you be cold!" I objected.

"Go to the seat under the cedar tree. I will fetch a wrap and join you."

The night was very dark, and I felt my way warily. I think I have never noticed such a multitude of stars.

I could see very little of my companion at first, but by degrees my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, and I was able to watch her expression.

"You have disappointed me," she began. "I thought you were to be relied on, that you really cared for me. But no sooner do I get engaged to another man than you put me out of your life, and pass easily to another girl."

"Mary Janson is——"

"She is a horrid flirt! Anyone will tell you so. And she is probably laughing at you in her sleeve, as a broken-hearted man who is trying to disguise his chagrin under a cloak of feverish excitement."

"Who knows?"

I could hear from Monica's uneven breathing that she was angry or that some other emotion was stirring her.

SYMPATHETIC! By Leighton Pierce

The Nut: "Here's half a crown, old chap. Just keep an eye on my car"

Then I felt her hand touch my sleeve timidly. I wanted to cover that hand with my own, but I set my teeth and refrained.

"Noël, I have a confession to make." I noted the tremble in her voice, but a man is a fool who drops his defences at the first sign of weakness.

"I am not going to marry Peter. He is in love with Daisy, but she will not make up her mind about him. So we arranged that we would announce our engagement as a last resource."

"But how would that further his case?"

"He thought that he would be able to see then if she really cared, and if she did, I was to throw him over."

"I see. A pleasing experience for her. I had an idea that women did not care about marrying men who had been jilted?"

"It was his idea, anyway," Monica retorted.

"And you," I asked, "what is your next act? To become engaged to other men and jilt them in turn?"

"Are you in love with Mary Janson?"

"That is no answer to my question," I hedged, to gain time. I had come to a critical point in the game.

"Are you?"

"Well, she has many excellent qualities——," I was beginning, when I was startled to find Monica's arms round my neck.

"Oh! that's all right then!" she breathed with relief. Amazingly she had regained all her old self-assurance.

"Noël! I have had such a wretched evening!"

It is hardly chivalrous not to respond when a lovely woman flings herself into your arms, and when she happens to be the girl upon whom you have set your heart for past years your behaviour is foreordained.

"Oh, my dear! Has it come true—at last?"

I felt soft lips upon my neck.

"I always did — *really* — you know," came the ambiguous answer.

"You darling! . . . you imp! . . . you—oh! I *adore* you!"

But I was not going to let her start married life with an untempered triumph. I waited silently for the question I knew I must answer before long.

"Have you forgiven me?" she whispered. "You don't mind my having been engaged to Peter, just for a day?"

"Not in the least," I replied. "You see, Peter and I planned it together."

Itys Christie

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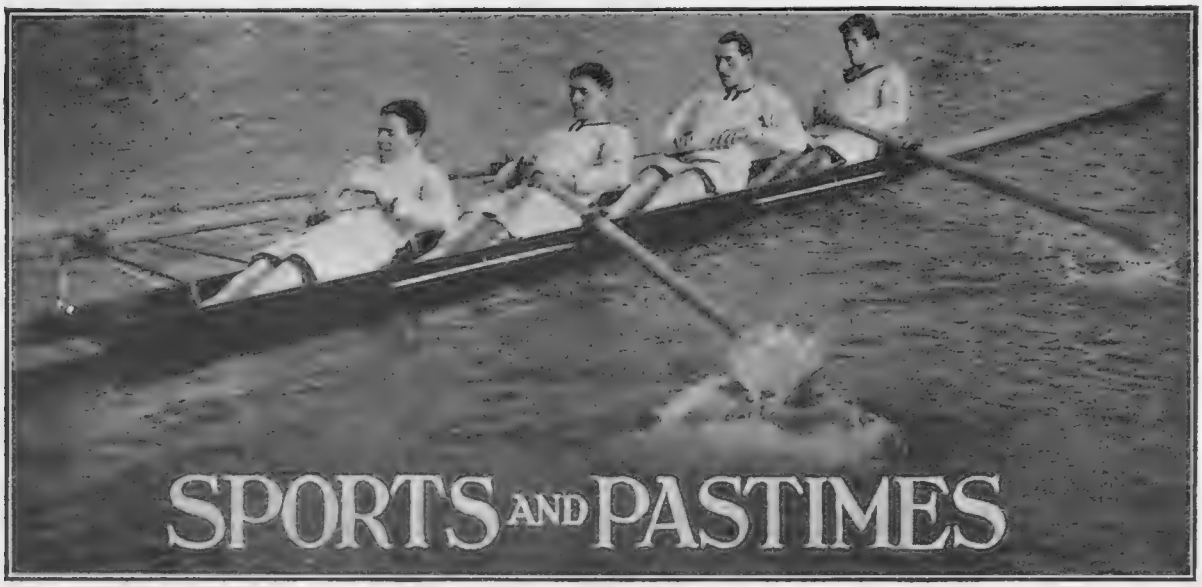


ETON AND MAGDALEN—A GOOD COMBINATION

The Magdalen four, winners of the Coxwainless fours at Oxford. All four are Etonians and "Stroke" is the son of Guy Nickalls, the famous oarsman, who was also at Magdalen. Names: S. Earl (bow), R. S. C. Lucas, W. E. C. James and G. O. Nickalls (stroke)

LAWN TENNIS

Tackling the Foot-fault Rule

THE Rules Committee of the Lawn Tennis Association has recently propounded a series of alterations in the existing laws of the game, which will be discussed at the annual general meeting of the Association early in December. The most important of these proposals is an attempt to amend what is known as the foot-fault rule. Under the existing law the server may raise one foot from the ground when serving, but both feet must be kept behind the base-line until the ball has been struck, and it is the transgression of this last provision which constitutes the commonest kind of foot-fault. For if the server means to "run in" on his service and volley the return he is very liable, in his eagerness, to swing the advancing foot over the base-line before striking the ball. And the question whether he has actually done so or not is often a most difficult one to decide. Hence the reluctance, in some cases, of umpires to enforce the rule rigidly, and the complaints, in others, of players that they have been unjustly penalised.

The Proposed Alteration

UNDER the new proposal the server may raise one foot (as under the existing law) in the act of serving, but if he does so he must replace it on the ground behind the base-line before stepping with either foot into the court. This means that if he elects to take a step forward as he strikes the ball he must complete that step outside the limits of the court instead of being allowed (as at present) to complete it inside the court, provided the advancing foot is not over the base-line when the ball is struck.

Unworkable

IT is possible that the proposed new law might prove a trifle more easy for a linesman to administer than the existing one, but how many matches are played with linesmen? Fully 90 per cent. of them are played with only a single umpire, and the objection to the existing law that it cannot be administered by this solitary individual from his position at the net applies equally to the new one. He cannot watch simultaneously the movements of the server's feet and the flight of the ball. It seems to me that until some law can be devised which gets over this difficulty it is better to leave things as they are. We want a law for everyday use and not one which

Photographs] THE MIDDLESEX LADIES' GOLF TEAM [*Sport and General*

Winners of the County Championship, the concluding stages of which were played between Middlesex, Cheshire, Gloucestershire and Staffordshire over the Sandwell Park Course, Birmingham, on Wednesday and Thursday last. Back Row (left to right): Miss Joan Stocker, Mrs. R. R. Cruise, Mrs. Durlacher, Mrs. Dudley Charles, Mrs. Hetherington, Miss Lewis Smith. Front Row: Mrs. McNair, Mrs. Besley (Capt.) and Miss E. Leitch.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

is only suited to the pomp and circumstance of the centre court at Wimbledon.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Cambridge in Clover

In continuation of my last week's comments on the prospects of the Oxford fifteen for the big match on December 7, I now propose to deal, by way of comparison, with their rivals. After losing two out of their first four matches Cambridge took a sudden leap forward on the Monday of last week, when they held the invincible Newport team all through a hard game, and eventually only lost by a single point. This fine performance was mainly the work of their forwards, who, led by G. S. Conway, the English International, are unquestionably a very fine pack. At half-back they are less convincing, and I fancy that Conway will have some difficulty in deciding finally upon a "stand-off" to Young, who played "scrum" half last year and should keep his place. Neither is he too well off for centre three-quarters.

The Three-Quarter Question

R. H. Hamilton-Wickes, who, while at Wellington, was the crack schoolboy player of last season, will probably be one of them. He has his "days," and began the season rather badly, but at his best he is an acquisition to any side. When he was not called upon to play for Cambridge against the Harlequins a couple of Saturdays ago, the Harlequins, of whom he is a member, promptly annexed him, with the result that he was largely instrumental in beating the side which had passed him over. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." I take it that the other centre three-quarter will be S. W. Cook, one of the many shining lights of the Blackheath team, if he is fit.

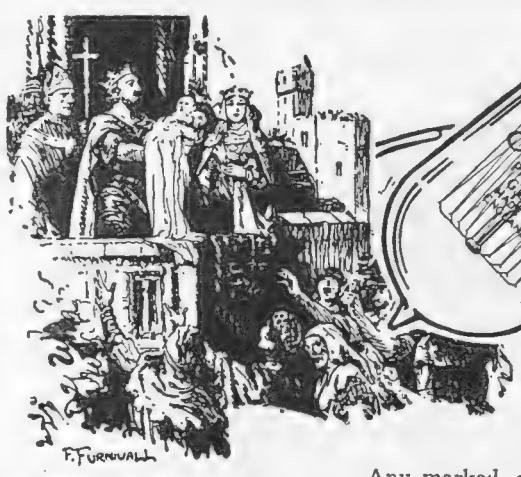
Photograph *Sport and General*

G. ASHTON (Winchester and Trinity)
Who has been elected Captain of the Cambridge University Cricket Club. He is also Captain of the Association Football Team

Speedy Wing Men

For the two places on the wing there are plenty of candidates—possibly too many—but K. R. J. Saxon, the Blue, is sure to fill one of them, bar accidents. For speed there is no one either at Oxford or Cambridge to touch him unless it be B. G. D. Rudd, the famous runner, who is also no novice at "Rugger," and has been tried on the wing for Oxford with success. At full-back Cambridge have a

(Continued on page 418.)



King Edward I. presenting his infant son to the Welsh People at Carnarvon Castle.
(Legendary Picture)

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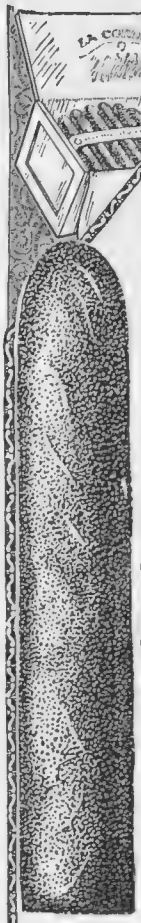

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TRUMP CARDS OF THE CARDIFF "RUGGER" TEAM

PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE FIELD OF ACTION.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

T. Nicholas running with the ball has been well tackled in the nick of time at the corner flag. The ball is "held" and he cannot now gain the try which he was within an ace of scoring

A SMART "INWARDS" PASS

J. C. M. Lewis instead of passing out to the left wing, has passed the ball when collared to Nicholas, who is nicely placed for receiving it

C. H. Bryant about to punt. As the ball is to be kicked with the right foot he appears to have let go of it a little too soon

The "Welsh Metropolitans," as the penny-a-liners are so fond of calling them, have always been at or near the top of the tree in C
have done very well, especially when t

A GOOD PASS BUT "FORWARD"

R. A. Cornish has passed just a little too late to Lewis who has consequently over-run him, so that the pass is "forward" and the movement breaks down.

A MOST IMPORTANT FUNCTION

C. Johnson taking a place-kick. The pose is good and he is keeping his eye on the ball. Many a match has been lost through faulty place-kicking.

Here the tackle has come just too late and Nicholas will be able to fall over the line and score

football in Wales. They are reinforced this season by J. C. M. Lewis, who was the stand-off half-back for Cambridge last year, and drew with their redoubtable rivals, Newport.

Photographs exclusive to The Bystander *by Sport and General.*

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

tower of strength in Watson, who was reserve for England last year; but Forsayth, of Oxford, is also a back of outstanding excellence.

The Teams Compared

To sum up, I think that if the two teams were to play each other to-day Cambridge would have the best of it forward. Oxford, however, with Campbell and Waldock, would be stronger at half-back, though this would, of course, avail them little if their forwards were completely mastered by the Cambridge eight; whilst at three-quarter and full back the balance of power would incline, I fancy, to the Cambridge side, though there would not be a very great deal in it. But we shall know more about the respective merits of the two sides after next Saturday, when Cambridge are playing Blackheath. If the "Club" put into the field anything like the same side that played Oxford on Saturday last it will be possible to make a comparison of some value, although, as we all know, comparisons of this kind are proverbially fallacious, especially where a 'Varsity contest is concerned.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 'Varsities Shaping Well

THE "split" is now, of course, a thing of the past, but after the healing of it there were scars left which took some time to disappear. I think, however, it may fairly be said that "Soccer" as played by the 'Varsity and public school amateur will soon be as good as it was when the Corinthians could hold their own with any side in the kingdom. The keenness at the 'Varsities is now much more pronounced than it was before the War, and I think that the playing of the 'Varsity match in December instead of after Christmas, which was tried for the first time last season, has helped matters. Both elevens are shaping extremely well, and we may look forward to quite a good exposition of the game when they meet at Queen's Club on December 10. An interesting development at Oxford, by the way, is the foundation of the Centaurs' Club, which has been formed with the object of playing matches with the various "Soccer"-playing schools. The educational value of these matches is great, and if, as is almost certain, they improve the standard of play at the public schools, it means a corresponding improvement in due time for the 'Varsity and "Old Boy" clubs. H. S. S.

Photograph *Sport and General*

V. R. PRICE (Magdalen)
Who has been elected captain of the Oxford University Cricket Club. He is also a Rugby football Blue

O.S.

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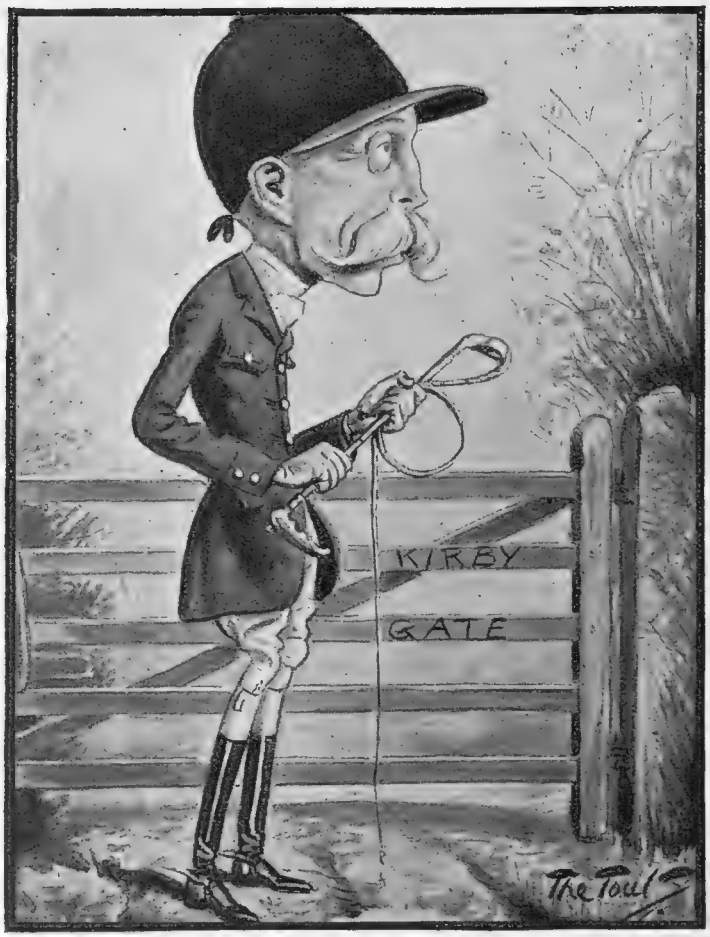

MAJOR BURNS-HARTOPP

Who is one of the best-known figures in the Shires to-day. He succeeded to the Mastership of the Quorn in 1898 and held office until 1905. During this period he became one of the most popular masters in the history of this famous pack

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Doping

A VERY famous trainer, long since retired from business, once said, in regard to doping, that while one could administer a drug to a horse that would make him go slower, he refused to believe that you could give anything to make him go faster. The worthy man was wrong. Doping has been practised in almost every country where racing is known, and the use of artificial stimulation has in authenticated cases improved the form of horses to a pronounced extent. At the same time, the drug produces a state of unnatural excitement which gives the game away, or at any rate arouses the suspicion of the authorities. The arrival of a number of American trainers in this country some years ago was followed by reports that doping was rife. The Stewards became active, instituted a number of enquiries, and in the end little more was heard of the trouble. The memory of that rather unpalatable era was revived by the announcement last week that the Stewards had been enquiring into the condition of a certain horse, the result being that there was nothing to show that a dope had been administered. In France there have been a number of suspicious cases this year, and the Stewards there have been busily trying to bring the offenders to book, by no means an easy matter.

The Resumption

IT was a tidy chunk from the season which we lost as a result of the coal strike, but it is all over now, thank goodness, and I hope nothing will occur to stop our Derby Cup or our November Handicap. It was something like the start of a new season when we all met at Newbury again last week. I found that the majority of bookmakers with double event books were not disposed to bemoan the abandonment of the Cambridgeshire. "We stood very badly on the race," said the representative of one big firm, "and could not possibly have got out of the mess unless some rank outsider had rolled home." Most of the starting-price men, by the way, are bitterly complaining of the bad debts they have made during the past few months. The bad debts of the largest s.p. firms run into thousands every year; yet they still find the game a very profitable one.

The Liverpool Cup

ONE of the problems this week will be to find the winner of the Liverpool Autumn Cup. Square Measure, who was reckoned a good thing for the Cambridgeshire, is handicapped much in the same way as he was for that race. True, the course now is two furlongs longer, but it should not be too far for the top-weight. Lord Derby, who is always

By "THE TOUT"

MR. T. P. KING

That the Chairman of Tattersall's Committee should be an enthusiastic race-goer goes without saying. He is a vigilant steward and an owner of several useful horses trained by Escott, who is here seen in the background instructing the stable "jock"

Photograph AT A MEET OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S HOUNDS *Central News*
Mr. H. Crossley, the Secretary (on left), Viscount Petersham, Master and Huntsman (centre), and Mr. Richards with the pack

to be reckoned with in this race, can choose between March Along and Bideford, and the selected of this pair is sure to run well. The Manton stable is also doubly represented. Chuette is a favourite of mine, and I hardly like leaving her out. I shall make **Bideford** my selection, and in her absence I look to **Square Measure** to carry his substantial burden to victory.

An Interesting 'Chase

To many the most attractive event of the big meeting at Aintree will be the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, the first of the important cross-country events of the season. I shall expect **Always** to win if he is sent from Ireland. The young horse greatly impressed me when I saw him at Aintree in the spring, when I marked him down as a likely Grand National winner of the future. Another interesting event under N.H. rules will be the November Hurdle Handicap on Saturday. We are rather in the dark as to the present form of hurdlers, but **Iron Hand** won so easily here in the spring that he may do the trick again. The Knowsley Nursery on Wednesday may be won by **Polly Flinders**, and the Croxteth Plate on the following day by **Piræus.**

HUNTING NOTES

First Week of the Season

Perhaps it was just as well that scent was not breast-high last week and hounds could rarely travel at a great pace. For the going was decidedly on the hard side, and conditions were quite favourable for stumping-up good horses in the first few days of the season. Bright suns and lack of moisture, though pleasant enough for the community at large, do not make for good hunting, and hounds will not be at their best until we have some substantial downpours. In other directions the opening of the season has been satisfactory enough. There has been no real shortage of foxes, and the country will not be so badly wired-up as was the case in many places last season. Here and there the menace of rabies and the consequent restrictions has worried M.F.H.'s, particularly in Hampshire and Dorset.

In the Shires

When these pages reach their readers all the fashionable packs in the Shires will have had their opening meets. The Quorn did exceptionally well

HUNTING NOTES (concluded)

during the preliminary campaign, and it is questionable whether this Hunt has been in better order since the days of Tom Firr. They have a really first-class huntsman, a couple of smart whippers-in, and the joint Masters have the confidence of all. Our caricaturist gives you an impression this week of Major Burns-Hartopp, whose tall figure has long been prominent in Leicestershire. He is now one of the old brigade of the Shires, but as keen as he was in the days when he first took over the difficult job of hunting the Quorn. Thanks to their fine ranges of woodlands, the Cottesmore are in splendid fettle for the "real thing." There are rumours that this may be Lord Lonsdale's last season in the command, but there were the same reports a year ago, and I hope they will again be falsified, for it will not be easy adequately to fill his place. In the Milton country—Peterborough way—they are faced with the possibility that Mr. George Fitzwilliam may give up his famous pack. The trouble is the inadequate proportions of the subscription list. That is a matter which will have to be adjusted by those who enjoy sport with the pack, as it is quite impossible in these days for the majority of M.F.H.'s to shoulder so much of the financial burden as they did before the War.

Photograph *Central News*

THE MARCHIONESS CAMDEN

One of the keenest supporters of the Eridge Hounds. This photograph was taken at the meet of that pack at Eridge Castle last week

Polo Preparations

I NOTICE that the American polo team which is to take on our cracks at Hurlingham next summer is still in a fluid state. That is to say, there are about eight players with claims for inclusion in the International side, and the only man who is really sure of his place is Mr. "Dey" Milburn, whose brilliant work at Hurlingham eleven years ago will never be forgotten by English players. Young Mr. Hitchcock is, I see, named as a probable starter. He is undoubtedly a highly promising youngster, but I shall be surprised if at present he is really up to the International standard, which demands exceptional knowledge of tactics and coolheadedness. It is probable, by the way, that Mr. Hitchcock will turn out next season for the polo team at Oxford University, A. W. C.

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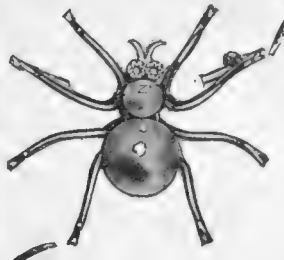

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

ONCE every few years or so there appears an unclassible book which may rouse either the warmest enthusiasm or the fiercest opposition. It will be a book which will not die miserably within a few months of its birth; it will continue to sell, very quietly perhaps, until such time as the critics will find themselves placing it naturally amongst the classics. Such a book, I like to think, is Mr. Norman Douglas's *South Wind*. Of course, you remember it—that queer presentation of people, not all very "nice" people, who lived on an island—which was not meant for Capri, by the way, as so many readers believed—and became mixed up in a series of odd happenings described by a masterhand. Mr. Douglas has little in common with the ordinary novelist. He made his reputation with *Old Calabria*, which is one of the most astonishing travel-books ever written. He is the author of the only book written on London Street Games. And now he publishes a second work of fiction, and the reviewer is hard put to it how best to describe this oddly-named book.

⁂ ⁂

IT is called *They Went* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which is an odd and challenging and slightly sinister title. Who went? you want to know. And where did they go to? Why did they go? Well, "they" include a number of people who happened to be displeasing to a certain autocratic princess who lived in a southern sea-girt city years ago when Christianity was young and important folk wielded more power than is theirs to-day. And they "went" into oblivion by way of a tower which refused to give up its secrets. Nor were they seen again. The princess is the chief person in the book, but she has an old father who becomes "military" very easily, and the epithet is the most delightful euphemism ever invented. She has a mother, too, and the Queen can never forget that she once had a romance of her own. And things happen in this city of long ago the like of which are seldom recorded to-day, never with so original a pen as that of Mr. Douglas. I am vague, you see, but *They Went*, without being vague in itself, is a book which will have a different effect on every one of its readers. I conjure you to read it without delay and then call a meeting of all your friends to discuss its precise meaning. It is beautifully written: that goes without saying. It is seductive. It is whimsical. Its fascination slowly increases. And in some queer way it allows you to build round it your own little fancies and fads. This sounds absurd, perhaps, but if you read the book you will know what I mean. *They Went* is a new sort of entertainment, and there is no living writer besides Norman Douglas who could have written it.

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MR. A. S. NEILL wrote *A Dominie's Log*, and people who were interested in educational theories received a rude shock until they remembered that the author had written a humorous book. (For, as you know, nobody can be serious and "funny" at the same time; it wouldn't do.) Then he wrote *A Dominie Dismissed*, and people wrote to him—sure proof that, in spite of his funniness, he had annoyed them. Now he publishes *A Dominie in Doubt* (Herbert Jenkins: 5*s.* net), and, lo! and behold, here is the first humorous book which has dared to deal with that most unhumorous and to-day ridiculously popular subject—psycho-analysis. (I write "ridiculously," by the way, because so many good souls have such a preposterously wrong notion of the whole business.) Mr. Neill is a likeable writer, and I should imagine that he would be the ideal headmaster. He knows well enough that the child is not what our fathers and mothers believed it to be. And he carries the new psychological theories to their legitimate conclusions without donning a dull mask of solemnity to give his quaint pages an air of scientific weight. In a word, *A Dominie in Doubt* is one of the most delightful books I have read for some time. Psycho-analysis bristles on every page, but it bristles so pawkishly, so unexpectedly, and, I hasten to say, so decorously, that no one, not even the most old-fashioned Inspector of Schools, could find cause for complaint. The book is a piece of autobiography which should endear Mr. Neill even to those who hitherto have dismissed him as a mere crank.

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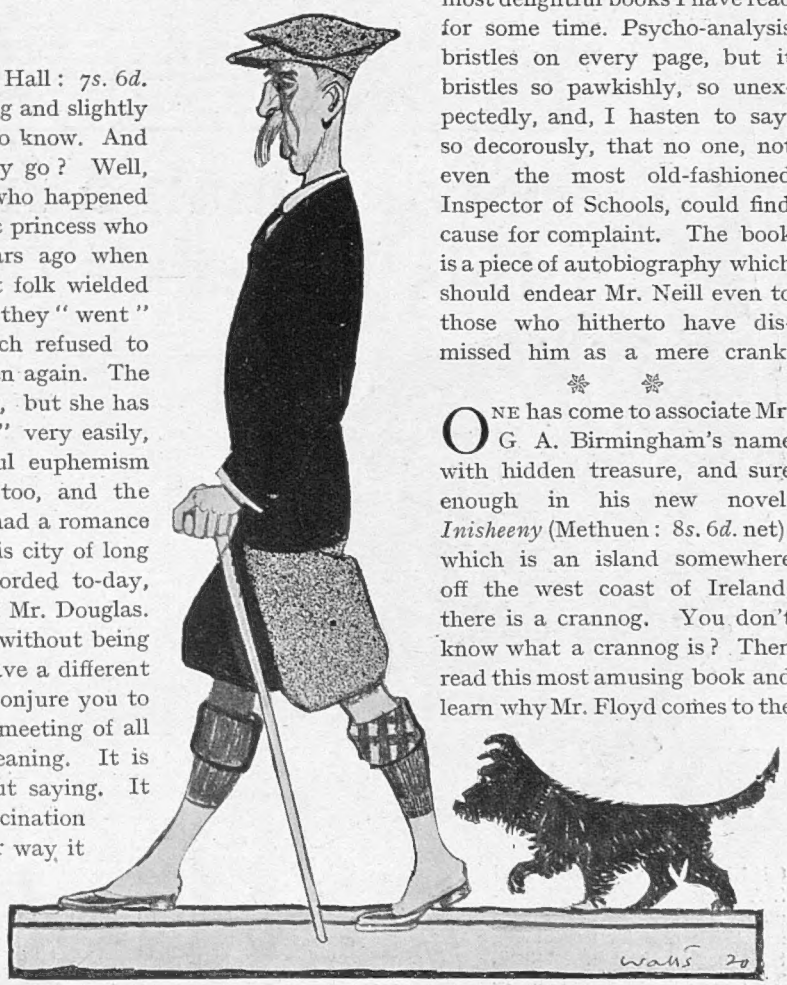
ONE has come to associate Mr. G. A. Birmingham's name with hidden treasure, and sure enough in his new novel, *Inisheeny* (Methuen: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), which is an island somewhere off the west coast of Ireland, there is a crannog. You don't know what a crannog is? Then read this most amusing book and learn why Mr. Floyd comes to the



DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS By Arthur Watts
No. V.—THE ABERDEEN

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

lonely village of Carrigahooly and why he rouses the suspicions of Patterson, the head of the local police. Learn of the outrageous behaviour of Molly, his daughter, and the Rector's young nephew. Make the acquaintance of Poacher Quin and the Flannagans, and learn to what "spiritual" uses a crannog can be put. Finally, examine the miracle of an author being able to extract the most whimsical fun from the Ireland of this very year. I have seen it suggested that Mr. Birmingham is the only man in the world capable of solving the Irish problem. If novels could do it, the problem would already have been solved.

❀ ❀

THE fifth number of *Coterie* (Hendersons: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) is out, a fat number with contributions of all kinds which will shock and upset the generation that includes Mr. Edmund Gosse. A long poem by Conrad Aiken follows older methods with good results, but the Pastiches by Edward O'Brien embrace a newer epoch. I expect they ought to be chanted or intoned—like Vachel Lindsay's—to be properly enjoyed. Herbert Read grows "curiouser and curiouser," but perhaps the author of *Naked Warriors* is still unable to decide where his literary future may lie. Aldous Huxley's country sketch is disappointing, but Paul Selver's "Meditations in a Guard Room" ought to be reprinted somewhere at once—in the *Morning Post*, perhaps, or, better still, in the *Spectator*. *Coterie* remains interesting and exasperating because you never know in the least what it is going to do next.

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

MISS JOAN SUTHERLAND

Who is among the most recent novelists to turn playwright. In collaboration with Mr. J. M. Harvey she has dramatised her first novel, "Cavanagh of Kultann," which was published eleven years ago. It will be produced early next year. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will shortly publish a new novel by Miss Sutherland entitled, "Beauty for Ashes"

❀ ❀

A NEW pocket encyclopædia is in the course of publication. *The New Age Encyclopædia* (Nelson: 3*s.* 6*d.* net per vol.), so far as one can judge from the first two volumes, is surprisingly comprehensive and cheap. It is under the editorship of Sir Edward Parrott. The publishers propose to issue two volumes a month, and as the total outlay will be only thirty-five shillings and there is no bother about re-binding "parts," this new venture should be a godsend to the busy man. R. S.

The famous "Quikref" diaries published by Cassell and Co., Ltd., contain, as in former years, an accident insurance coupon for £1,000, with £3 per week compensation in certain cases of disablement. These diaries are issued from 1*s.* 3*d.* net upwards, in a number of different bindings and sizes

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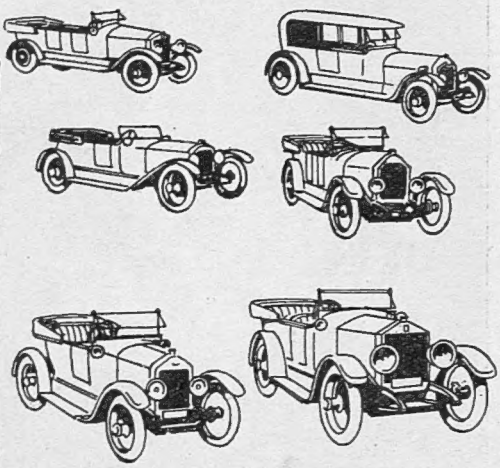

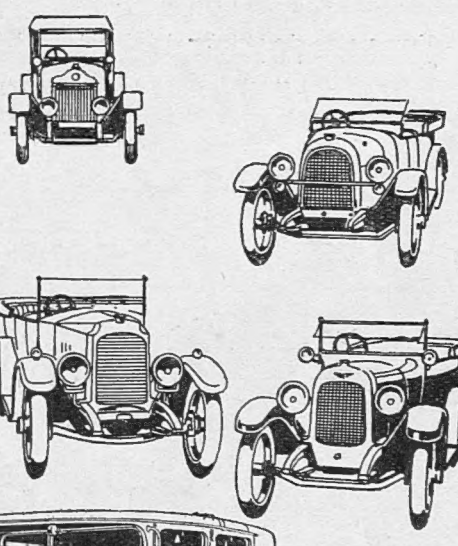

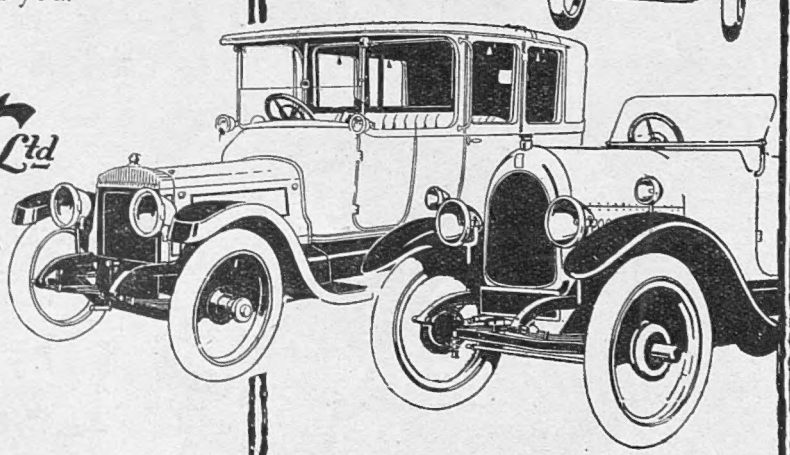

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